

MARVEL

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NOTO**

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IN THIS ISSUE: THE RETURN OF MATT MURDOCK'S TWIN BROTHER?!

DAREDEVIL



WHEN MATT MURDOCK WAS A KID, HE LOST HIS SIGHT IN AN ACCIDENT INVOLVING A TRUCK CARRYING RADIOACTIVE CHEMICALS. THOUGH HE COULD NO LONGER SEE, THE CHEMICALS HEIGHTENED MURDOCK'S OTHER SENSES AND IMBUED HIM WITH AN AMAZING 360-DEGREE RADAR SENSE. NOW, MATT USES HIS ABILITIES TO FIGHT FOR HIS CITY. HE IS THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR. HE IS...

DAREDEVIL

MATT MURDOCK LEFT HIS POSITION AS WILSON FISK'S DEPUTY MAYOR IN ORDER TO DEDICATE HIMSELF TO GATHERING EVIDENCE THAT FISK, A.K.A. THE KINGPIN, RIGGED THE MAYORAL ELECTION.

USING HIS CONNECTIONS AS DAREDEVIL, MATT HAS ASSEMBLED AN INVESTIGATION SQUAD COMPRISING FRANK MCGEE, AN INHUMAN WITH ENHANCED DETECTIVE SKILLS; CYPHER, A MUTANT WITH THE ABILITY TO DECIPHER ANY CODE; AND READER, AN INHUMAN WHO CAN BRING WHAT HE READS TO LIFE.

HOWEVER, DAREDEVIL'S INVESTIGATION HAS BEEN SUDDENLY DERAILED WITH THE APPEARANCE OF AN IMPOSSIBLE FIGURE—MIKE MURDOCK, MATT'S FICTIONAL TWIN BROTHER!

CHARLES SOULE
WRITER

PHIL NOTO
ARTIST

VC's CLAYTON COWLES
LETTERER

PHIL NOTO MAIN COVER ARTIST

LAUREN AMARO ASSISTANT EDITOR

DEVIN LEWIS EDITOR

C.B. CEBULSKI EDITOR IN CHIEF


JOE QUESADA CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER

DAN BUCKLEY PRESIDENT

ALAN FINE EXEC. PRODUCER

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Once upon a time, early in my career, I was having a little trouble with my secret identity.

People close to me were putting together the idea that someone who looked an awful lot like Matt Murdock was probably Daredevil.

I didn't have much time to figure out a solution.

So, I did what I often do in these situations--I leapt, and figured I'd worry about the fall on the way down.

I made up a secret twin brother and told everyone *he* was Daredevil.

It was...one hell of a leap.

His name was Mike Murdock.

And he was a piece of work.

The trouble was once you tell people you have a secret twin brother, eventually...

...they need to *meet* the secret twin brother.

And if you don't actually *have* a secret twin brother...

...you need to *be* the secret twin brother.

Enter Mike Murdock. Or me as Mike Murdock.

I loved it at first. Mike was not Matt. I could be as brash and brazen as I wanted.

Say the things I'd always wanted--especially to Foggy and...Karen. Especially to her.

For a while, it worked like a charm.

Then...things got odd.

Mike was Daredevil, I was Matt, I was Mike, I was Daredevil, Mike was Matt, Matt was Mike.

My life went back to normal--well, as normal as it ever gets--and that was that.

Mike Murdock is gone--never, ever to return.

Which is why I find it *extremely* strange...

It was a lot of... juggling. It was confusing, remembering who I was supposed to be at any given moment.

I'd always had feelings for Karen, and now she had feelings for my imaginary twin brother...

...I even considered proposing to her *as Mike* for half a minute.

It was time to wake up. Time for Mike Murdock to go into permanent retirement.

I set up an elaborate plan involving the Unholy Three--seems like everything was more elaborate back then.

Mike went out like a hero, saving the day.



MANHATTAN.

THE BAR WITH
NO NAME.

...that he's
standing right
in front of me.

FEEL
LIKE I OUGHTA
BUY YOU A DRINK.
YOU'VE DONE A LOT
FOR THIS TOWN,
DAREDEVIL.



ANOTHER
SHOT, AND ONE
FOR MY FRIEND HERE.
ONE FOR YOURSELF,
TOO, WHILE YOU'RE
AT IT.

THIS IS A
VILLAIN BAR,
YOU IDIOT. WE
DON'T SERVE
HIS KIND
HERE.



WHY
DON'T YOU SETTLE UP
YOUR TAB, TAKE YOUR
HERO BEST BUDDY AND GET
THE HELL OUT OF HERE?



SETTLE UP?
I WAS THINKING I
MIGHT JUST OPEN A LINE
OF CREDIT. PAY, LIKE,
ONCE A MONTH OR
WHATEVER.

I MEAN,
ALL THE BEST
BARS EXTEND
CREDIT.

THIS IS NOT
ONE OF THE BEST
BARS. NOW, YOU GONNA
PAY UP AND GO, OR DO
I NEED TO INTRODUCE
YOU TO MY SECURITY
GUARD?

HIS NAME'S
JOHNNY SHOTGUN.
HE LIVES RIGHT HERE
UNDER THE
BAR.



WHAT IS
THIS?

EH?



ARE YOU THE CHAMELEON?

CHAMELEON?
WHAT DO YOU--



MYSTIQUE?

A
LIFE-MODEL
DECOY?

SOME
SORT
OF STUPID
MAGICAL
CRAP?

NOW,
HOLD ON THERE,
PAL.

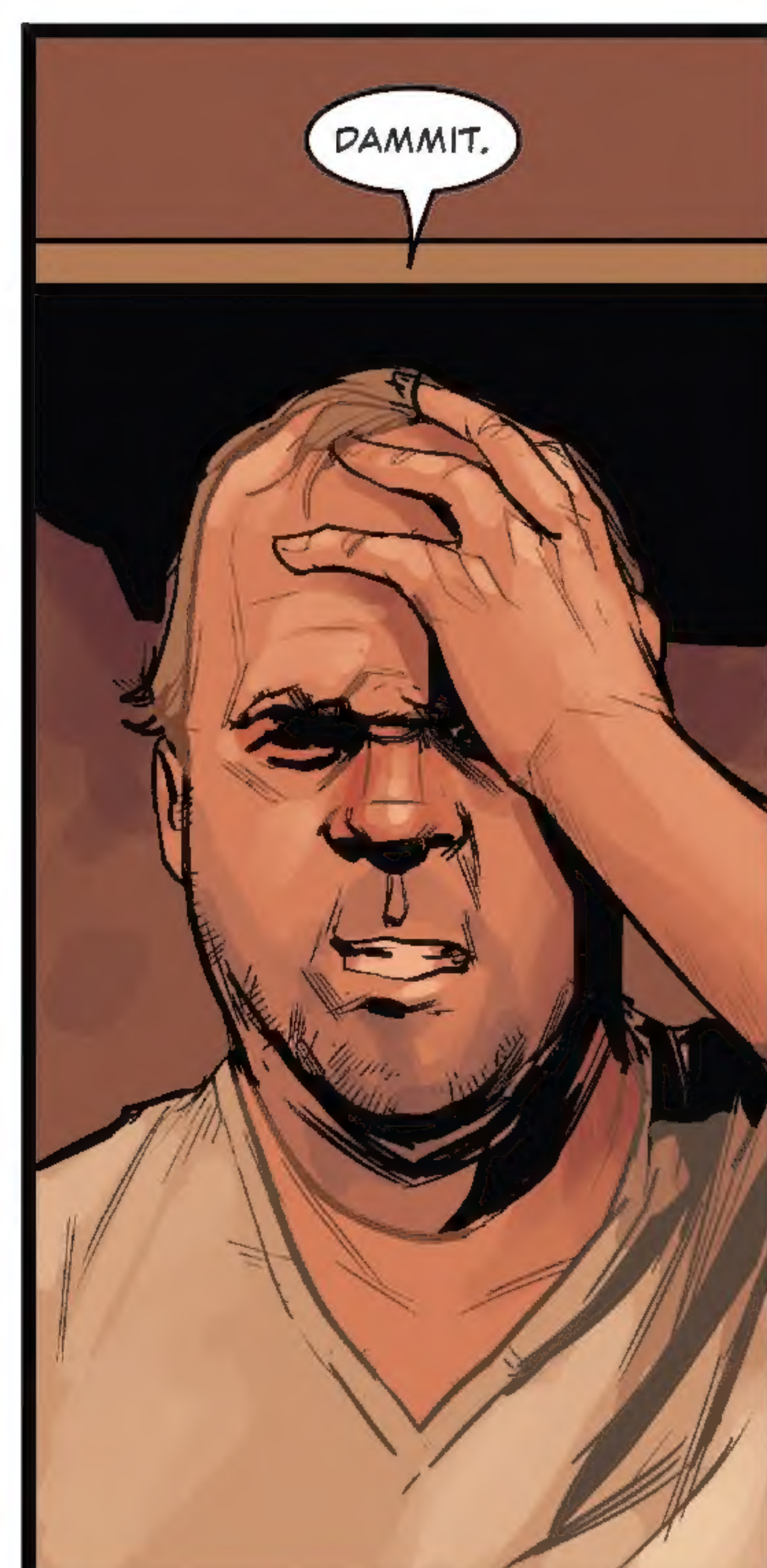
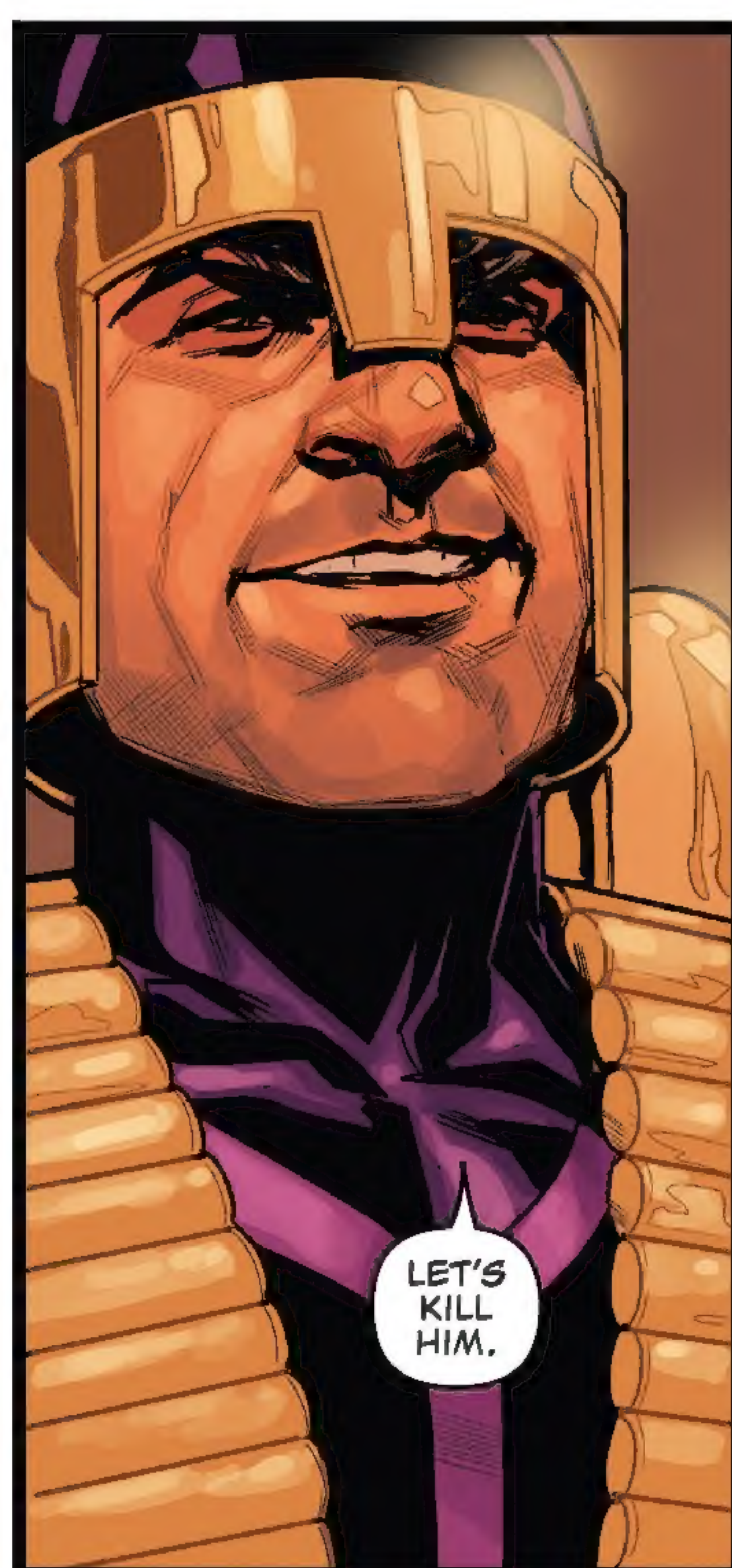


YOU'RE
GETTING, UH,
PRETTY MENACING
HERE, AND I'M NOT
REALLY SURE WHAT
YOUR PROBLEM
IS.

SO WHY
DON'T YOU
JUST BACK OFF,
BEFORE I, UH,
BEFORE
I--



WHAT IS
THIS?



Trapster, White Rabbit, Speed Demon and Overdrive. C-list bad guys.

On a good day, maybe Trapster makes it to a B.

He picked a ridiculous gimmick--glue guns--but he's not dumb, and he's still dangerous.

I get hit with that adhesive and I'm not going anywhere. Get hit in the face, and I suffocate.



First things first, get "Mike Murdock" out of the line of fire. I've still got questions for him.

OOF!

CAN I GET THAT CLUB SODA?

YOU AREN'T GOING TO JOIN IN?

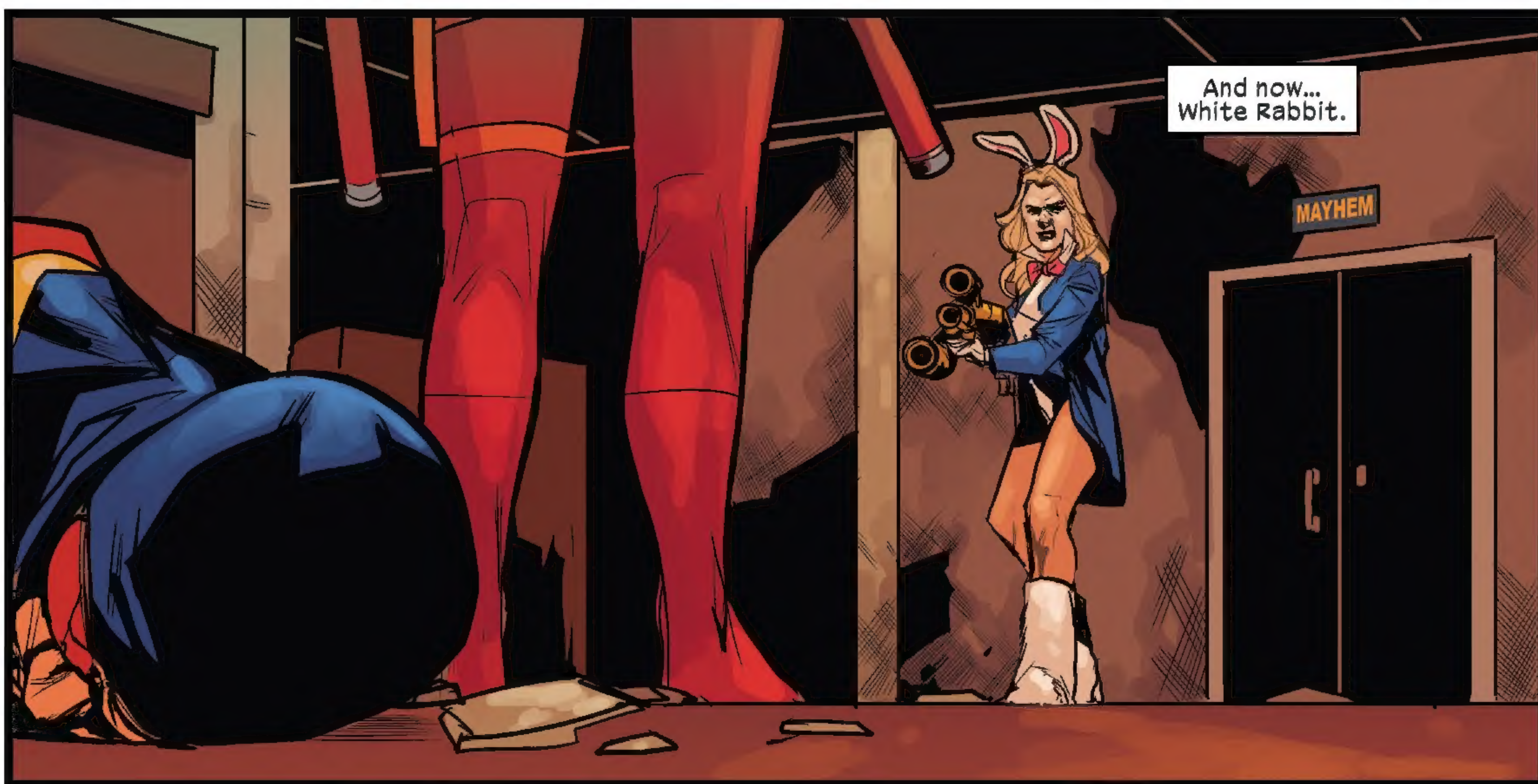
NAH, I TURN ORDINARY CARS INTO SPORTS CARS. MAKES ME A GREAT GETAWAY DRIVER...



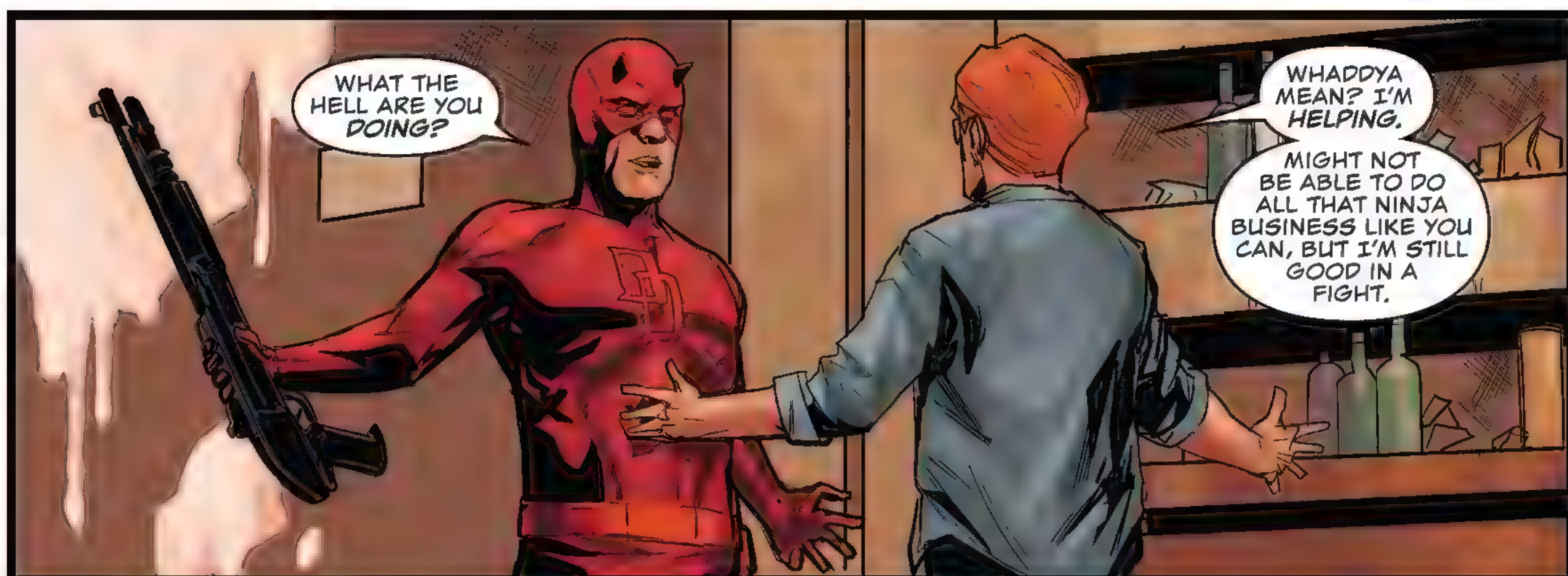
KRSH

...BUT IT'S NOT MUCH HELP IN A BAR FIGHT.









The key to New York City is always, no matter the situation... knowing a guy.

Your sink clogs at 2 A.M., you know a guy. You want to install a nice home stereo, you know a guy.

Your fictional twin brother shows up, starts walking around, getting drunk and beating people half to death...

WAKE UP.

...you know a guy.

GAH! WHAT THE \$%&?!

I AM **STERILON**, TELEPATH PRIME OF THE INHUMANS.

YOUR MIND...

...IS MINE.

OOOOOHHHH...

HMM.

ANYTHING?

Frank McGee, my current partner on the Kingpin election fraud investigation and former head of security for the Inhuman capital of New Attilan...

...knows a lot of guys. Some very *useful* guys.

I need to be careful around psychics-- I have my own secrets to keep--but I can use meditation techniques to close off my mind.

And this seems like the best way to find out what's really happening here.

THIS MAN TRULY BELIEVES HE IS **MICHAEL MURDOCK**, SON OF JACK AND MARGARET, BROTHER TO MATTHEW.

WHAT EXISTS OF HIS PSYCHE IS THERE, IS SOLID, TRUE, AS FAR AS HE KNOWS. BUT THERE ARE MANY HOLES.



HE IS LIKE
A BUILDING FULL
OF EMPTY ROOMS.
BEAUTIFUL AND STRONG
FROM THE OUTSIDE,
BUT INSIDE...OPEN
SPACES.

I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
HE IS. I HAVE LEFT
HIM ASLEEP. DO
WITH HIM AS
YOU WISH.



THANKS
FOR THE ASSIST,
STERILON. I
APPRECIATE
IT.

CERTAINLY.
40 DOLLARS,
PLEASE.

WAIT...WHAT?
I THOUGHT
THIS WAS, LIKE...
A GRATIS THING.
PROFESSIONAL
COURTESY.

YOU LEFT
NEW ATILAN, FRANK
MCGEE. WE NO LONGER
WORK TOGETHER AND
I DO NOT WORK
FOR FREE.



AND SO,
MY STANDARD
CONSULTING FEE--
8,000 ATILANIAN CHITS,
OR IN THE MONEY
OF THIS CITY...40
DOLLARS.

UH...CAN I
OWE YOU? I'M
GOOD FOR IT, I
PROMISE.

I KNOW
YOU ARE, FRANK
MCGEE.



I AM
STERILON.
YOUR
MIND IS
MINE.



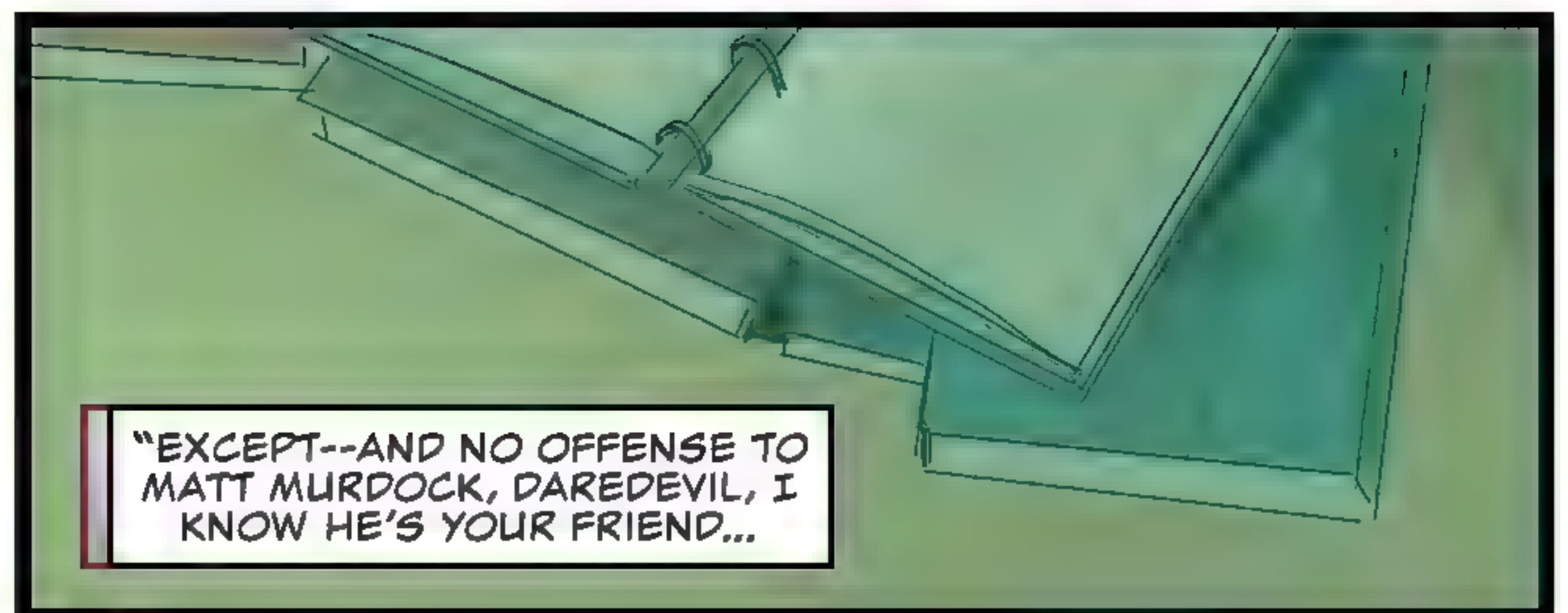
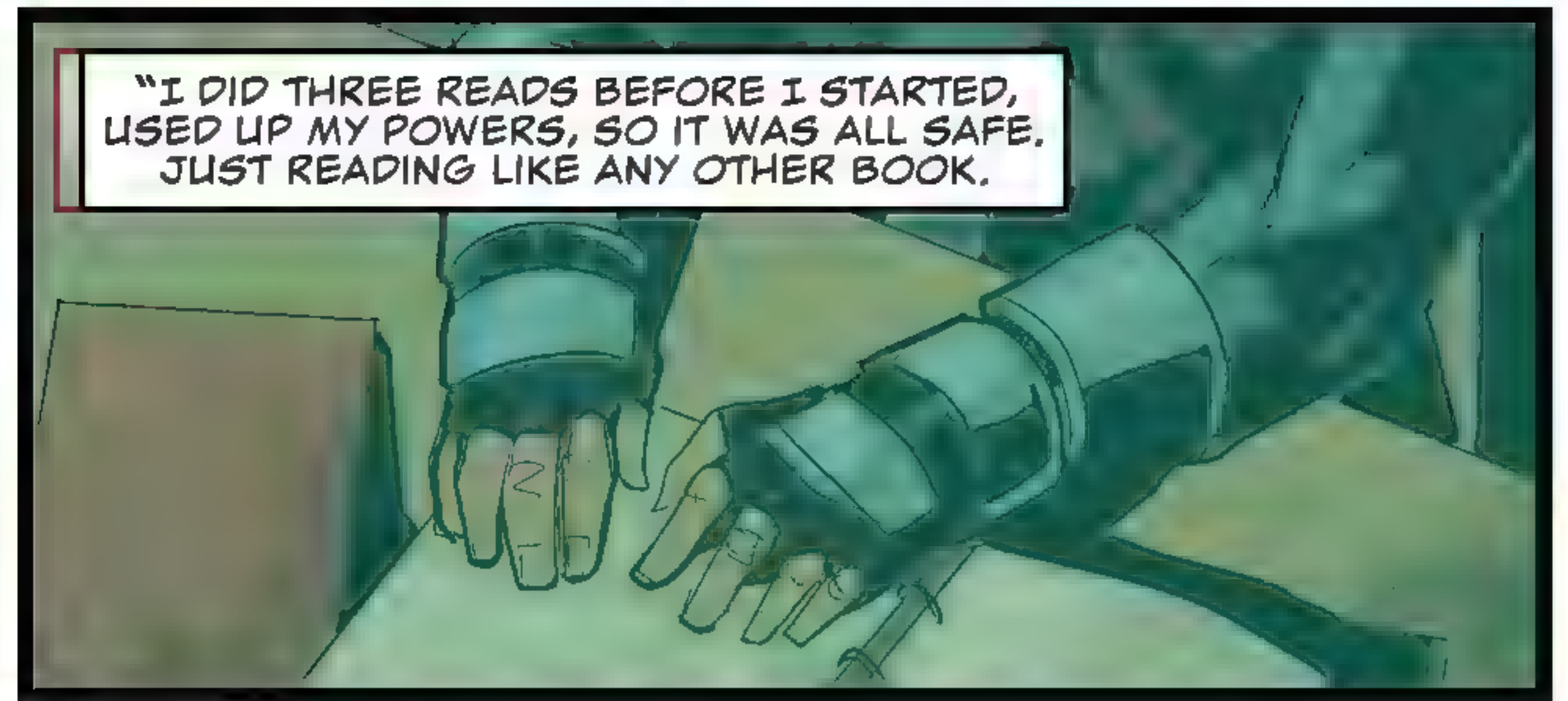
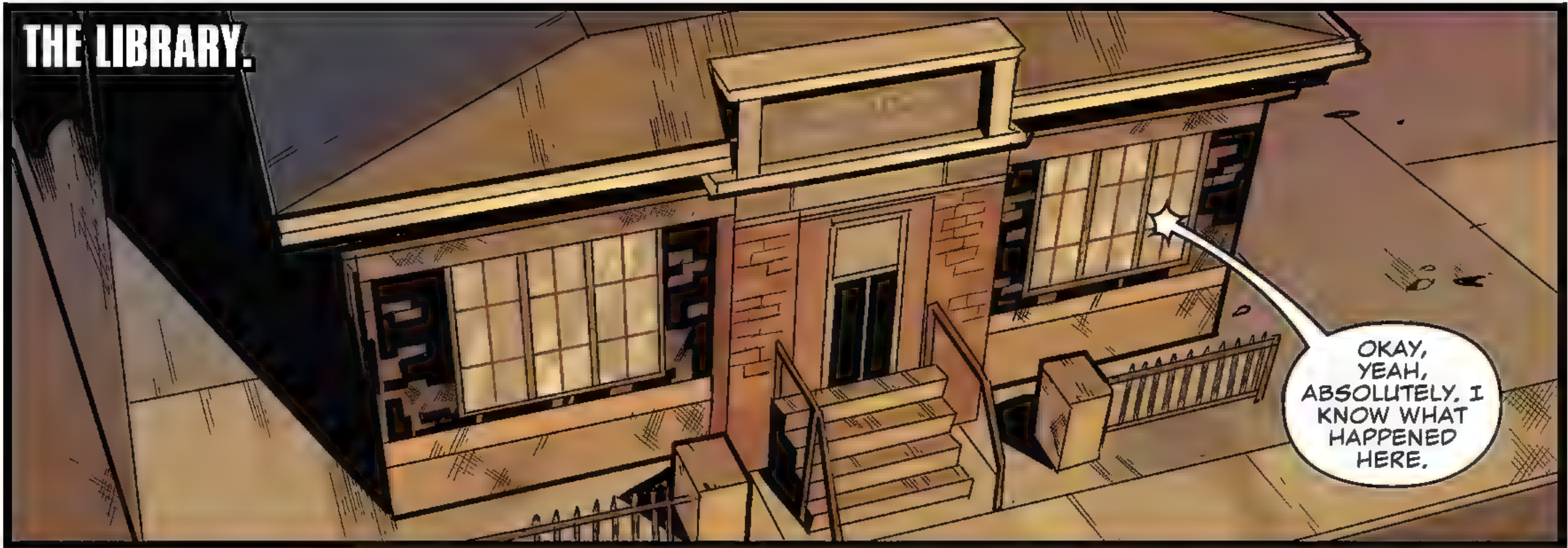
WEIRD DUDE.
COMES IN HANDY,
THOUGH.

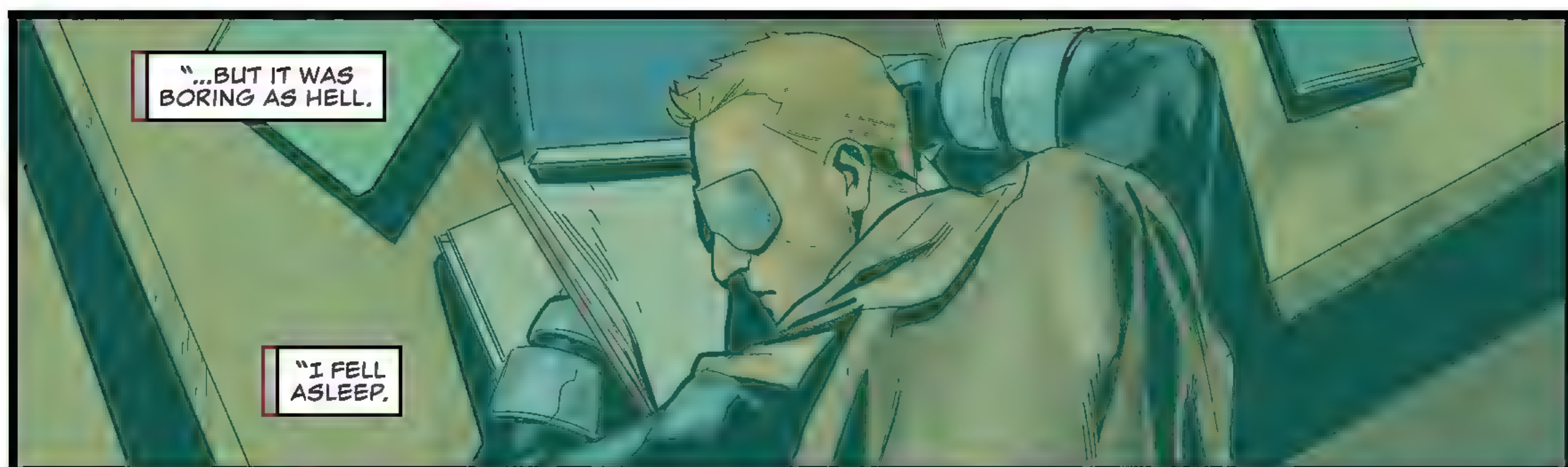
YEAH, BUT I
DON'T EVEN KNOW
WHAT TO DO WITH
WHAT HE TOLD US. IT IS
IMPOSSIBLE FOR THIS
MAN TO BE HERE,
FRANK. LITERALLY
IMPOSSIBLE.

IMPOSSIBLE,
HUH?



COME
ON, I KNOW
A GUY.





"...BUT IT WAS BORING AS HELL.

"I FELL ASLEEP.



"WHEN I WOKE UP, MY HAND WAS ON THE BIT WHERE MATT WAS TALKING ABOUT THIS ALTERNATE IDENTITY HE SOMETIMES USED TO GO UNDERCOVER--THIS MIKE GUY.

"SINCE I'D SLEPT, MY POWERS WERE CHARGED AGAIN, AND I READ IT AND..."



...HERE WE ARE.

I DIDN'T REALIZE IT HAPPENED-- HE MUST HAVE APPEARED SOMEWHERE ELSE.

THINGS LIKE MIKE, I CALL THEM FRAGMENTS.

THEY'RE UNFINISHED THOUGHTS. EMPTY PARAGRAPHS.



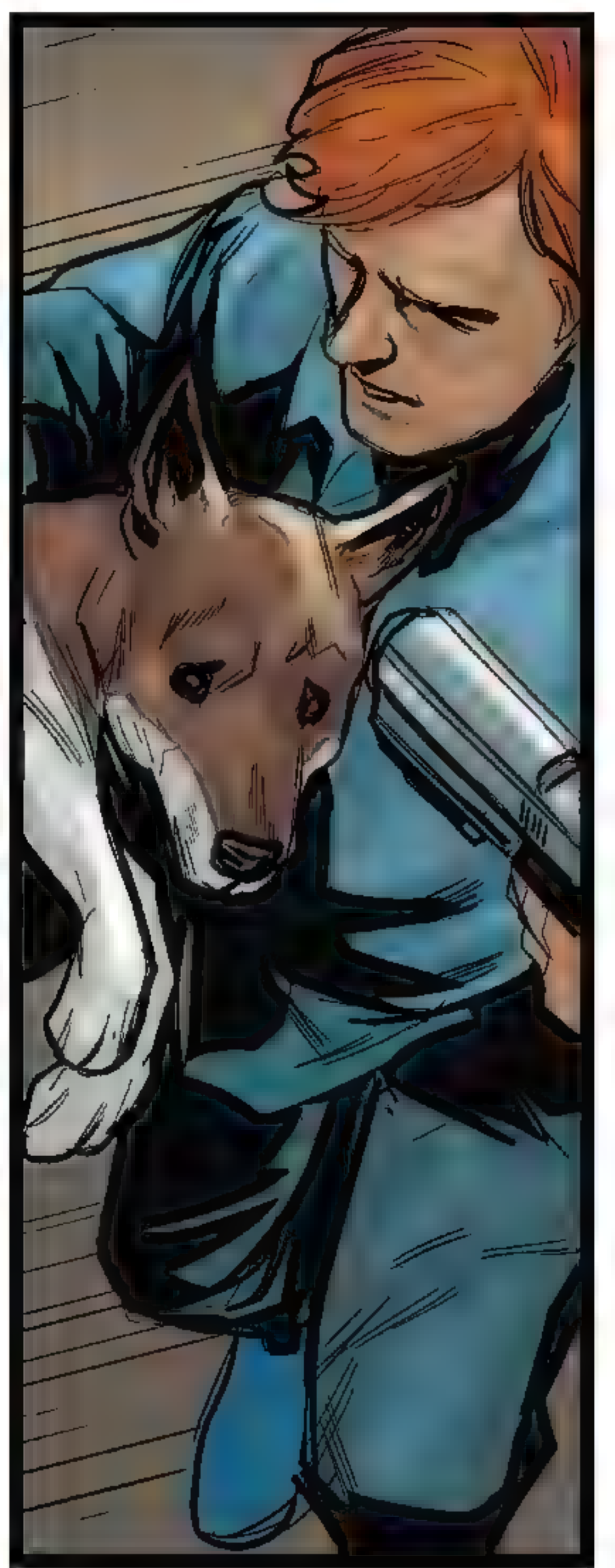
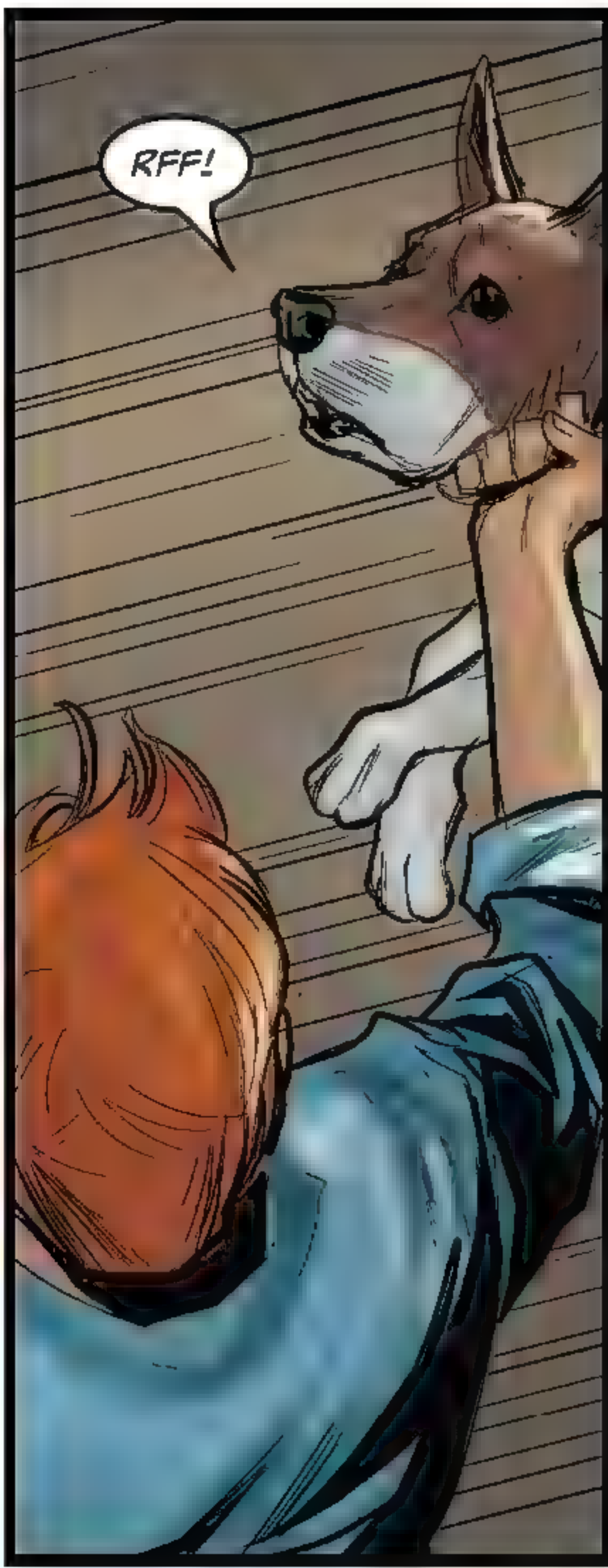
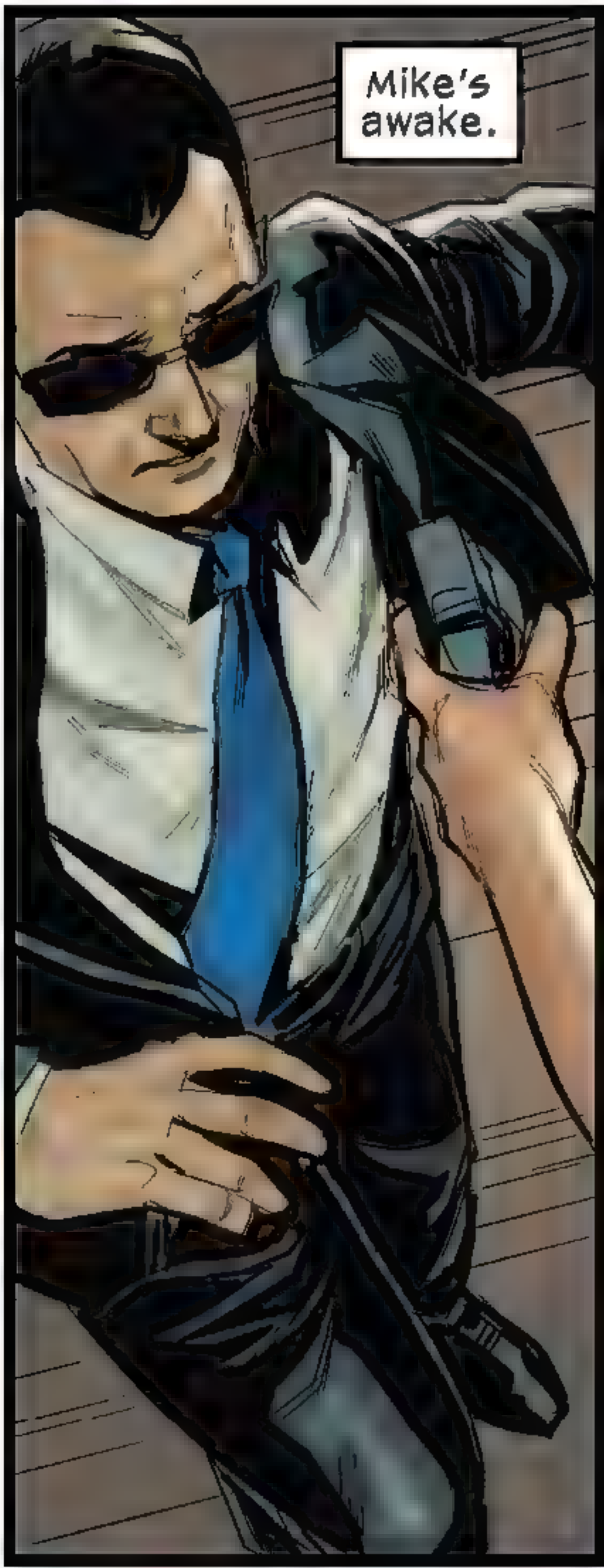
BUT IT'S OKAY. I KEEP A TAB READY FOR JUST THIS SORT OF THING.

I'LL UNWRITE HIM. HE'LL BE GONE IN TWO SECONDS.

And that's when I come out of my distraction and awe at what Reader's done here, to hear what I should have heard minutes ago...

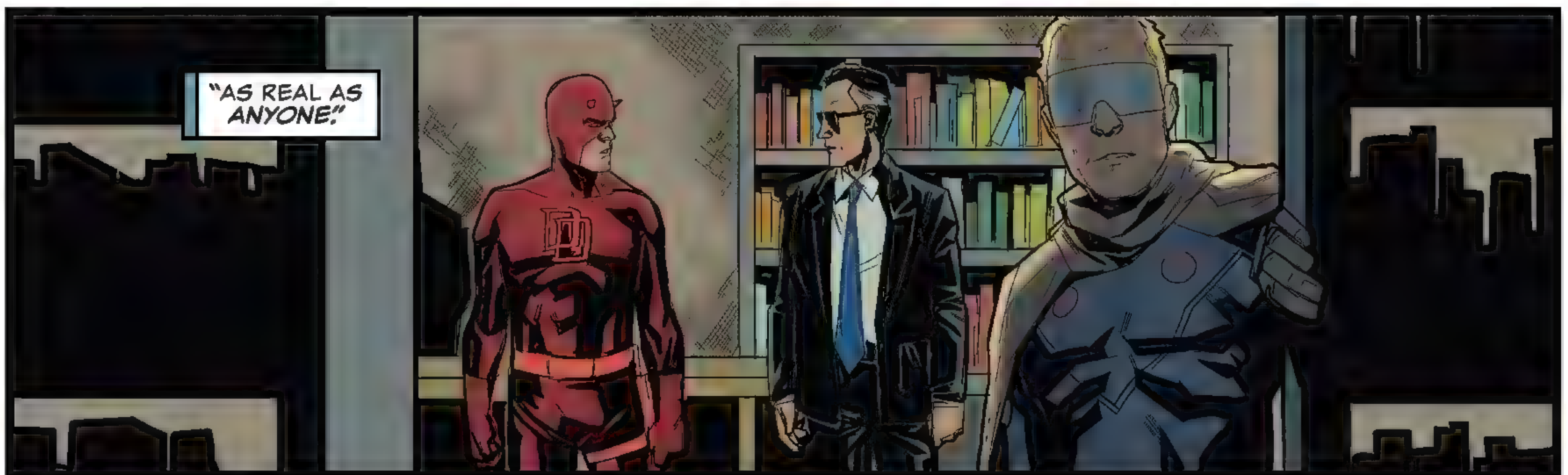



...a heartbeat, pounding like mad.



NO THROWING THOSE CLUBS AT ME, DAREDEVIL, AND LET'S MAKE SURE MAD MAX OVER THERE KEEPS HIS HANDS AWAY FROM THAT BELT OF HIS.


SO HERE'S HOW THIS IS GONNA GO.



A large panel showing Daredevil in his red suit, swinging on a cable over a city skyline. He is looking forward with a determined expression.


I track him with my radar sense for as long as I can.

But he's quick, and he's smart.
Everything Mike Murdock's
supposed to be.


A panel showing Daredevil's radar vision, which appears as a pinkish-purple field with white lines representing the city's layout. A small figure is visible in the distance.

I find Forey
first--tied
up--safe.


Maybe
that's a
good sign.

A panel showing Daredevil hanging upside down from a cable, looking down with a slight smile. The background shows a building with many windows.

I'm getting close.
I think I might
catch him.

A panel showing a close-up of a foot in radar vision, with white lines radiating from it.

But he's
quick.

A large panel showing a wide view of a crowd in radar vision, with many small figures and white lines.

And he's
smart.

He finds
himself a
crowd...

Now...he
could be
anywhere.

MIDTOWN.

LAW OFFICES OF
FRANKLIN P. NELSON.

GOOD
MORNING, MR.
NELSON.

HELLO THERE,
BRAD--AND A FINE
MORNING IT IS. A FANCY
DONUT SHOP OPENED UP
THREE BLOCKS DOWN, AND
ALL IS RIGHT WITH
THE WORLD.

I GOT
YOU ONE, TOO.
RASPBERRY JAM,
HOPE YOU
LIKE IT.

THANK YOU,
SIR. I'M SURE
I WILL.

YOUR FIRST
APPOINTMENT IS
WAITING IN YOUR
OFFICE.

DID I HAVE
AN APPOINTMENT
THIS MORNING?
WHO IS IT?

IT'S UNSCHEDULED,
AND HE ASKED ME NOT
TO TELL YOU. HE WANTED IT
TO BE A SURPRISE, I THINK.
I WAS SURE YOU'D WANT
TO SEE HIM, THOUGH.

HMM. MOST
IRREGULAR, BRAD.
ALMOST MAKES ME WANT
TO TAKE THAT DONUT
BACK.

BUT THAT
WOULD BE CRUEL AND
UNUSUAL PUNISHMENT,
AND I AM NOTHING IF
NOT A FIRM BELIEVER
IN THE EIGHTH
AMENDMENT.

OH, HEY,
MATT. WHAT'S
WITH ALL THE CLOAK-
AND-DAGGER
BUSINESS?



NEXT ISSUE:



DAREDEVIL #608

